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The Seagulls' Warning.

('Friendly Greetings.')

The outward-bound ship was steaming past the Scilly Isles, and oh! how fair the scene was. True, there were frowning, jagged rocks on every side, but what mattered that on such a bright summer's day? There was no cloud in the sky; hardly was there a ripple on the blue sea as it gently laved the shore. As the vessel rounded the headlands there might be seen on the slopes the flowers so carefully cultivated for the less favored parts of England, and flying from the ledges of the cliff, scores and scores of seabirds filling the air with their wild cries and screams.

'Tis perfectly deafening,' said one of the passengers on board, putting his fingers in his ears to shut out the noise of the tumult. 'Was there ever such a babel? why, we can't hear each other speak.'

'Yes,' replied his companion; 'I only wish I had my gun, and I'd soon make havoc among them. Whatever can be the use of them, I'd like to know. Nobody cares to eat them, and, if they can't sing, at any rate nature need not have given them such harsh discordant voices. Well, I suppose they cling to these ugly rocks, and will not follow us.'

On went the good ship, and soon both the seabirds and the Scilly Isles were left far behind.

But the time came for the same vessel to wend her course homewards. Whither she went, and how long the period that elapsed history does not say. At any rate it was the Christmas season when she was again nearing Scilly; tempests meanwhile had been hurling the stormy waves over the rocks; boats had gone down, and fishermen's lives, too, into these dangerous wintry waters. But just now there was no storm and sailors were looking forward to 'land ahead' in the shape of their own firesides and cottage homes. All seemed prosperous, but then there came—the fog. It dropped like a blanket on the sea, and soon wrapped everything in wet, white mist, so that it was impossible to tell which way to steer. And the rocks—those cruel rocks might be, for aught they could tell, right in front of them. How could they go on? But how dreary to wait for hours, or perhaps days, till the fog lifted.

Anxiously the captain tried to pierce the darkness—for night was coming on—but all in vain. They must stay where they were with such unknown perils before them. So the engines were stopped, and all was quiet save the heaving of the vessel in the long swell of the Atlantic. In the freezing cold and the awful stillness men waited as those who felt themselves between life and death.

Suddenly at last the silence was broken by a chorus weird and wild—of cries and screams. 'Uncanny,' said the sailors; but the captain's heart went up with a bound, for he knew the signal: it was the seagulls' warning of 'rocks ahead.'

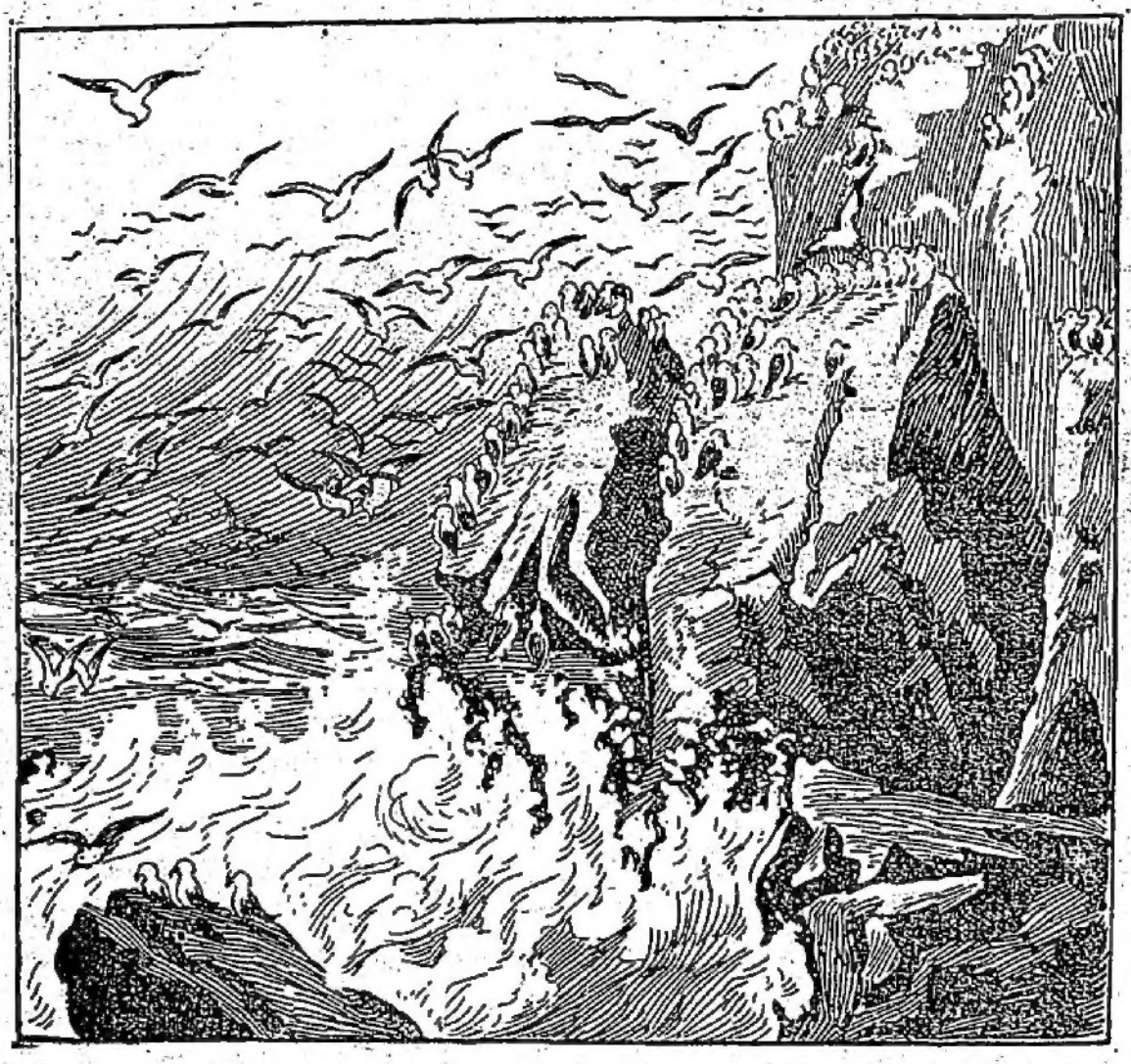
In a moment the engines were reversed, the ship ploughed its way backward, and presently a rift in the fog showed how they had been drifting straight to destruction. Of course the birds on the ledges of the cliffs had been disturbed by the working of the paddles, and so the whole flock had launched forth with flapping wings and vociferous voices.

'The birds, and nothing else have saved us,' said the men, as away from the dangerous channels of Scilly they found themselves in the open sea.

We know not whether the same passengers were on board, but if they were we hope they told each other:—'Yes, we were wrong; the birds are good for something, after all. God has given them work to do for man, and they have done it.'

Nor is this a solitary case. All along our coasts, when a fog comes on and no lighthouse can be visible, both fishermen and sailors bless the birds which warn them that danger is near.

'He's no friend to we whoso kills a seagull, I reckon,' said one of them; and we hope you will never do so, but will not fail to remember 'The Seagulls' Mission.'



WAS THERE EVER SUCH A BABEL?—WE CAN'T HEAR EACH OTHER —SPEAK!

Public Untidiness.

Tidiness within the house is valued by the home makers of no nationality more highly than by those of our own. Among both French and English once you pass the threshold you may count on finding everything in good order, both neat and clean. It is all the more surprising therefore to find among people of almost all classes such a defective sense of tidiness in reference to almost all things that meet the eye outside the house. It is characteristic alike of town and country.

How seldom, for example, do we find our streets and roadways kept in such a condition as to please the eye, to say nothing of the comfort of those who are compelled to use them. In the country the ditches, when there are any, are unkempt and irregular, allowed to grow up with all manner of weeds and thistles, and the margins strewn with stones and rubbish. The fences are rickety and irregular, with no attempt at neatness or at anything else save the barest utility. In the towns and villages, and even in the cities, loose papers and other refuse are allowed to lie where the wind leaves them at its sweet will. The foot paths are allowed to become rough and uneven, an offence to the eye as well as a danger to life and limb. Sometimes an effort is made to beautify the streets and highways by means of boulevards and trees. But not infrequently the interest in them seems to be exhausted with the first effort to arrange them, and they show a sad lack of the constant care needed to make them a real pleasure.

Another thing that strikes a traveller through the country is the lack of paint on almost all buildings, public and private. In many parts of the United States, where wooden buildings are the rule, these are kept in good condition by frequent coats of paint that at the same time gives them an ever fresh appearance. The French-Canadians make a free use of white wash, which is far better than nothing. But how commonly does one see whole villages in which paint seems to be altogether unknown or used only when the houses are first erected. This is one of the things which create the impression that our country is slow and behind the age. It gives the appearance of decay as if the places were deserted or the people on the point of leaving for perma-

nent homes elsewhere. Neatness and paint would show faith as well as taste, and proclaim the confidence of the people in the future of their country.

It is not that our people are too poor to afford the cost of keeping their homes and their surroundings in order. They are more prosperous than the corresponding classes in most other countries. But it is because they have not learned to appreciate the value of tidiness. Even where a few have worked up to it their care of their own premises is largely neutralized by the general indifference and neglect. What is needed is some kind of education that will raise the general standard and lead to a higher appreciation of the importance of making man's share of the landscape as well as God's share as beautiful as possible.

Like most other things of this kind the education needed must come through the school and the church. And there is no better way in which it can be given than by making the school and church buildings everywhere models of neatness and tidiness. At the present time these and their surroundings only too often share in the general shabbiness of appearance. Let the trustees see to it that they are kept in good order, that the grounds about them are kept shorn and free from weeds, and that the fences are unbroken. Let the gates be properly hung and the pathways be well-gravelled. Let it be made apparent in every way that the community is proud of them, and insensibly the people will come to treat their own surroundings with like respect.—'Presbyterian Review.'

'Who Were They Praying For?'

For ten long years Mrs. H—— prayed for her infidel husband. She knew that the Lord heard, and that he was 'faithful who had promised,' but as yet the answer did not come. The thoughts of her kind, indulgent companion as far from hers, as when, in the joy of her new-found hope, she had told him how 'God so loved,' and asked him to join her in a life of loving service. Yet the Lord was leading her gently that she might know and do his will.

One evening at the church prayer-meeting her heart was more than usually burdened, and near the close of the service, she rose timidly and said: 'For many years, dear friends, I have longed to ask you to help me pray. It is not customary with us for ladies to speak in the meeting, and I have feared to be intrusive, but I can forbear no longer. Will you pray for my husband?'

Every heart was touched. A good brother immediately led in prayer, then another and another took up the petition. Mr. H—— was well known and much loved in the community, and they poured out their hearts before the Lord, pleading as one pleads for a friend. Last of all a colored brother led in prayer, and in humble confidence seemed to enter into the very presence of the Lord.

Just after Mrs. H—— had made her request, her husband, as was his custom, came to the church to accompany her home. Finding that the service had not yet closed, he entered unobserved, and took a seat near the door.

'Tell me, wife,' he said, as they were leaving the vestibule, 'who was the gentleman they were praying for just now?'

'He is the husband of one of the sisters of the church,' replied Mrs. H——.

'Wife,' he said again, as they ascended the steps at home, 'who was it they were praying for?'

'The husband of one of the sisters, Charles.'

'Well, wife,' he replied, 'that man will certainly be converted: I never heard such prayers before.'

Again, as they were preparing for the night, he remarked, 'Those were wonderful prayers, wife. Can you tell me the gentleman's name?'

'He was the husband of one of the ladies present,' replied Mrs. H——, and then she retired to her closet for prayer and praise.

At midnight she heard her husband's voice again. 'Wife, wife, God heard those prayers; I cannot sleep, wife. Will you pray for me? Can the Lord show mercy to me, wife?'

There was joy in the presence of angels that night. When the faithful pastor called the next morning he found Mr. H—— praising and blessing God.

Blessed words of Jesus, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.—'Living Epistle.'

The Romance of Missions.

That there is romance in mission work, and that too of the noblest sort, no one who has read much of missionary literature can doubt; what I am regretting is that so much of that romance has to be read between the lines. Here is a little open contribution I would give to the greater wealth abler hands will yet bestow.

Alec Mackenzie was a child of our church, his father, head-master of the grammar school, being one of our elders. Alec was as bonnie and stirring a bairn as ever got into scrapes and scraped out of them honestly again. He was all alive, to the very tips of his ruddy, curly hair. There had always been a bit of gentleness between him and Maggie Stoddart; they were next door neighbors, and had chummed it, with the usual tiffs and penitences, since they were born. Maggie's sedateness was a fine set-off to Alec's quicksilver.

So the years rolled on till Alec was sent to Edinburgh to be trained for a doctor. The letters which passed between him and Maggie suggested that if he was as regular in attendance on his classes he was a model student. There was nothing particular to note regarding his first vacation home; he was the same breezy fellow. Maggie and he were seen together oftener, perhaps; which was a circumstance not at all ungratifying to the parents on both sides.

In his second year Alec passed through the great change of his life, and solemnly dedicated himself to the work of medical missionary. Maggie, if possible, was even more enthusiastic on this prospect than he was, and if Alec's mother had a bit of a sore heart over it, she yet bowed and said, 'The will of the Lord be done.'

Alec finished his studies in due course, and applied to the Missionary Board of the —— Church for a post abroad. He was heartily accepted, conditional, of course, on the examining doctor's permit as to physique. It was all arranged; he and Maggie were now formally engaged; he would go out first and then, in due time, would send for Maggie. I have seldom seen a woman more devoutly glorying in her future life-work.

The shock came; the doctor readily passed Alec, but would on no account pass Maggie! Her life, he said, would not be worth a year's purchase if she went to Alec's post.

It is not for me or any man to try to pry into all that passed between these young people; there must have been many a sad hour, with many a prayer for guidance. I only know that she bade him go, and that he went—without her—and that she saw him off. They may have meant and trusted that the separation was only for a time; that a good providence would bring them together again. They never met more on earth. An outbreak of fever had kept Alec very busy among the natives—too busy to look after himself—and one night of pain ended his work.

There is a thin, consumptive-looking lady here, who is known amongst the neighbors for a fad she has of attending every missionary meeting, and reading every missionary paper. That's all most know; there are others, however, who feel that this dear soul's prayers are furthering the Lord's work abroad more than may ever be known till The Day reveals all the caskets of precious ointment that have secretly been broken at the Redeemer's feet.—Zeta in the 'Presbyterian.'

Always on Guard.

(Annie A. Preston in 'American Messenger.')

I never realized that I was growing old until one November when my husband and I were in New York for a week or so.

We had been looking after various little details of business, and one morning had been in Lord & Taylor's, where I had purchased a new bonnet, and putting it on, started out with great complacency to call upon friends in Brooklyn.

Arrived at City Hall Square, we thought, being so near, we would step over to the Astor House for a lunch before crossing the bridge.

While the waiter was filling our modest order I glanced about at the people crowding the large cheerful room and thought to myself,

'That little budgety old woman over opposite has got her bonnet all pushed to one side; and she, poor thing, is entirely oblivious—and how tired out she looks!'

Then something familiar about the bonnet arrested my attention, next I thought how much the man reading his paper opposite her looked like my John. Just such a little bald spot on the back of his head, and by that time I had discovered to my astonishment that the woman was myself!

The shock was something to remember. People were always saying to me that I did not change in the least, and I had believed it.

If ever I was guilty of making faces in the glass it was at that moment, as I began making excuses to myself.

'I am tired,' I said, 'and being here the same as alone among strangers, for John is lost in his paper, I let myself go and caught myself off guard.'

I straightened my bonnet, sat erect, asserted my will, smiled, and as the waiter appeared, interested myself in the beautifully served lunch.

'Your new bonnet is exceedingly becoming,' said John presently, and I ventured to glance again at the mirror.

There was an improvement. The color had come back while we had been eating our chowder, and I felt quite myself again, but the lesson was a salutary one.

An American house, extensively engaged in the manufacture of stained glass windows, reports that the demand for biblical subjects represented in this form has greatly fallen off, because those who are ordering them for the churches are so ignorant of the Bible that they do not appreciate the fitness of a Bible story for this purpose. They have to be taught their Bible before they can rightly value the art which they desire to employ. In other days the richest forms of stained glass have been those that reproduced the familiar scenes of the Bible and their lessons.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Comical Joe.

A TRUE STORY OF AN AFRICAN GRAY PARROT.

(Mrs. W. B. Dingman, in 'Human Alliance.')

One bright afternoon in April I started out to make a few calls. The visit at the home of the first friend proved so interesting that the afternoon passed with but one call to my credit.

While waiting in the parlor for my friend I was surprised by the familiarity with which I was addressed by an unseen and unknown individual from an adjoining room. 'Hello! Are you cold?' My surprise was too great to admit of a reply. 'Are you cold?' again repeated the forward individual. I moved uneasily in my chair, and felt obliged to answer, 'No, thank you; I'm quite comfortable,' when to my great astonishment the questioner broke out with a rough 'Ha! ha! ha!'—a piece of most startling impudence, I thought. At this point I was greatly relieved by the appearance of my hostess, who, after greeting me, said: 'Joe has evidently been entertaining you.' 'Some one has been talking to me from the adjoining room, probably thinking he knew me,' I said, trying at least to be charitable. 'Oh, that's a way Joe has; he feels it his duty to entertain every visitor.' 'Is Joe your brother?' I asked, really wishing to give the young man some needed advice in the matter of etiquette. 'Joe is our parrot; nice fellow, too. Aren't you, Joe?' 'Nice fellow! Ha! ha! ha!' was the quick reply. 'Was it really, then, a bird who tried to entertain me before you entered?' I was intensely interested, and besought my hostess to tell more of this remarkable bird that, to me, seemed almost human. 'There is so much to tell, I scarcely know where to begin. Joe has lived with us sixteen years, and was eleven years old when we got him, and, of course, during this time we have become very fond of each other.'

At this point Joe broke into the conversation, endeavoring to change the subject, crying: 'Joe wants some cracks.' Cracks is a word of Joe's own coinage, meaning nuts of all kinds, of which he is very fond.

'Well! well!' again interrupted Joe, evidently thinking the presence of the stranger took up his mistress' time and he might be deprived of the coveted cracks, and he called out in a very modest and dignified tone, 'Good-by!' evidently hoping I would take the hint and go.

'Joe causes no end of amusement,' continued his mistress. 'We usually spend the summer at our cottage by the lake, and of course Joe accompanies us. Last season our goods were loaded on the waggon, when we decided Joe might ride with the driver, thus saving me this extra care and attention. Accordingly, the cage was placed upon the seat of the waggon and we had no further concern for the safe arrival of our goods or our pet. We reached the cottage, however, several hours before the waggon, and, wondering what could be the cause of the delay, became very anxious, fearing that all was not well; but we were soon greatly relieved by seeing the team pulling up the long hill from the lake shore, and as it neared the cottage there was a general expression of surprise as nothing was to be seen either of Joe or his cage. 'Where's Joe, the parrot?' we asked in concert of Pat, the driver. With face flushed with anger he said: 'Drat the baste or animal or whatever he may be. Not a blessed thing could I do wid him a-perched up by me side. You know yourself all the load I had on, and it was all the horses could do to be moving the thing along, and whin all would be a-going well, sure it was then the burrud would play the mischief by a-screaming out 'Whoa!' and instanter the horses would stop. Sure the horses weren't to blame, for I meilf could have belaved it was meself a-saying "Whoa!" 'But where's the bird now?' I asked anxiously. 'There, ma'am, I knowed we'd not reach here for a long time to come onless I did something wid the burrud; so I put his cage down betwixt the boxes and covered him up wid carpet, and wid all respect to you, ma'am, I hope he has gone to slape, and may he niver wake up again until yous want him to,' he remarked, apologetically. I was so glad for the safe arrival of my pet that I had not the heart to reprove Pat, and when I lifted Joe from the cage he hid his glossy neck upon my breast and in most pathetic tones muttered: 'Oh, oh! Poor Joe! Kiss poor Joe!"'

DRAT THE BASTE OR ANIMAL OR WHATEVER HE MAY BE

The visit which I was enjoying, and which I desired to prolong that I might learn more of this most intelligent bird, seemed now about to be cut short, for I heard the neigh of approaching horses and the "Whoa!" of the driver. 'Your coachman? You were going for a drive?' I said inquiringly. But Joe had succeeded in deceiving me too. It was only Joe. He could not keep still, and he shouted again 'Whoa! Get up!" in tones that would have deceived the most acute hearing.

Joe does not enjoy cold weather, and gives vent to his chilly feelings in most expressive terms, but when the thermometer in 90 degrees in the shade he enjoys life immensely; he sings, whistles and talks constantly.

Just at this point he broke out with one of his favorite songs, 'Shoo fly, don't bother me, for I belong to Company——' and no amount, of persuasion would induce him to tell to what company he belonged.

'My husband brought with him to dinner one day a friend for whom he held the greatest esteem, and of course desired to make the occasion a pleasant one. This particular friend was quite bald, and as this was the first bald head that Joe had ever seen, it seemed to amuse him immensely. After eyeing the visitor a moment in a most curious fashion, he broke out in a shrill voice: "Well, well! Hello, old fellow! Hello! hello! hello!" but our discomfort was relieved, as our guest seemed to enjoy the joke heartily. But now when we expect visits from bald-headed friends we endeavor to keep Joe out of sight.'

'Joe also has a rather uncomfortable way of breaking out with a fearful, shrill "Hoopla!" or a tremendous, base "Rats!" when a seemingly doubtful story or statement of unusual magnitude is made, particularly when visitors are present with whom we are not very well acquainted, always seeming to know just when he can cause the greatest embarrassment.

'Joe dislikes above all things to be called Polly, and the boys in the neighborhood discovering this, when passing the house, if Joe is in sight, are sure to call out in the most tantalizing tones, "Polly want a cracker" which of all things to Joe is the most insulting. He become frantic with rage, beating himself against the sides of his cage with very anger, screaming frantically. Lately he has taken a more sensible view of the situation, and when he sees the tormentors coming, anticipating their intention, he begins, in tones of most cutting sarcasm, "Polly want a cracker?" and so accurately does he imitate the tone of each boy he hears that the boys have at length been compelled to "see themselves as others

see them," and have refrained from the antagonistic; but the bird, determined to make the boys heartily ashamed of their behavior, persists still in calling out "Poll, want a cracker?" whenever a boy passes.

'There is another most ludicrous instance I must tell about,' said my hostess. 'My husband made an appointment with a friend, arranging to meet him at a specified time in our parlor. The appointment was kept promptly by the friend, who was ushered into the room to await the arrival of my husband, while I excused myself. In a few moments I was surprised to hear the outer door closed with more than usual emphasis, and upon investigation found, to my dismay, that the gentleman had taken a rather unceremonious departure. My husband came soon, and I told him of his friend's hasty exit. "Strange he could not have waited for a few moments," he said, wonderingly; but in a few moments the friend returned, and was asked for an explanation. "You knew the matter was important and at the most I would delay you but a moment or two." "I don't know how you could have expected me to wait, finding myself in a most embarrassing position, unconsciously listening to a conversation surely not intended for my ears. Two simpering, sickish, idiotic lovers were going on at a terrible rate in the next room. My attention was at first attracted by the smoking sounds one hears when lovers' lips have met; and then in soft, endearing tones I plainly heard, "You love me, don't you, Joe? Kiss me again." Such cooing and caressing was too much for me, and the love-sick pair stopped for only an occasional smack, which completely unnerved me, and I thought the least I could do was to withdraw as soon as possible." "Oh Joe Joe!" shrieked my husband; "don't you know that was our bird, the parrot?" "Impossible There were two distinct voices, and I could not have imagined the kissing—it was too real," replied the visitor. And not until he again sat in the room and heard the chatter of our Joe could he be convinced that it was possible for a parrot to perform in this manner.'

'Good by!' again called out Joe; and thanking my hostess for her entertaining story concerning this one of God's creatures, I said 'Good-by!'

Another friend relates that this remarkable bird proved itself a practical friend to children on the street. A large apple tree loaded in season with its luscious fruit was a source of temptation to all the boys and girls in the neighborhood. 'So near, and yet so far,' said the children, with longing eyes, as they beheld the fruit; but Joe came to their relief, and flying up among the branches would break the tender twigs with his beak, the coveted fruit falling to the expectant children below.

Just a Few Words.

Just a few words, but they blinded
The brightness all out of a day;
Just a few words, but they lifted
The shadows and cast them away.

Only a frown, but it dampened
The cheer of a dear little heart;
Only a smile, but its sweetness
Checked tears that were ready to start.

Oh, that the rules of our living
More like to the golden would be!
Much, oh, so much more of sunshine
Would go out from you and me.

Less profession, more truth
In our every-day life,
More justice, then surely
Lighter hearts and less strife.

For better and kinder we all mean to be,
But there's lack in the thinking of both
you and me.

—'American Paper.'

Winnie's Work.

(By Rhoda Kitchen, in 'The Canadian Baptist.')

'Winnie,' called her mother.

'Yes, mother.'

'Winnie, what are you doing?' again called Mrs. Adams.

'Nothing, only thinking,' answered Winnie.

'Thinking about what, I would like to know? You seem to be always thinking lately, Winnie. Get to work and wipe these dishes,' she continued, as her daughter did not reply; 'and don't be moping around any longer.'

Winnie Adams sat lily in a low rocking-chair by the window, with something very much like a scowl on her pretty face. She had lived all her life thus far on the farm with her parents, brothers, and grandfather. Her life had been uneventful (she thought it narrow and dull), although she had all the necessaries of life with some of its luxuries. Young people often do not realize the value of a quiet, peaceful home life; they long for a change of some sort, something to happen; but when that 'something' does happen, if it is (as is often the case) something that breaks up that quiet life, they look back upon it as almost a heaven upon earth.

Winnie got up and wiped the dishes at her mother's request, but her face still wore a dismal appearance

'What hav you been thinking about now?' again questioned Mrs. Adams.

'I was just thinking of the things I would like to do,' said she; 'but it is always wipe dishes, sweep floors, make beds, or something of that sort. How I do hate it all! I am sure I was never intended for such a hum-drum existence.'

'Whose existence wouldn't be hum-drum if they did nothing but mope around as you do? My patience is exhausted with you, Winnie,' said her mother, sternly.

'I don't mean to 'mope,' as you say, mother, but I would like to do something in the world—something worth living for.'

'Worth living for! Don't you think cooking and keeping house is worth living for? I am sure it is the proper work for girls. At any rate, I wouldn't give much for a girl who wouldn't learn to do such things. You have a good education, and we have given you every advantage possible. Why can't you be content where circumstances place you? I hope I shall hear no more of this silly fault-finding. Go, now, and see if that bread is baking all right.'

Winnie went and looked at the bread, but her thoughts still ran on in the same channel. If he could have seen her then, I am afraid he could have seen a very doleful-looking girl; in fact, that had become such a habit with her lately that her brother Eddie (who, by the way, was a great tease) gave her the name of 'Miss Longface.' And yet, in spite of all this, Winnie was a Christian, and, she thought, a very devout one. That evening, after the supper work was over, she stepped out on the verandah, where her grandfather was sitting.

'Come here, Winnie, and sit down a little while,' said he, drawing a low seat close to his side.

Winnie went and seated herself on it.

'Now,' he continued, 'I would like my girlie to tell me what makes her so unhappy these bright June days. Why are you so discontented, dear?'

'This kind of living is so dull, grandpa,' said she, plaintively.

'I am very sorry you find it so,' said he.

'But, grandpa, I want to be something more than just an ordinary person, spending my life back here in this little place doing nothing particularly. Everything is the same here, day in and day out, week in and week out, and I am so tired of it. There is no chance for anything great and noble here.'

Old Mr. Adams sat seriously thinking. 'What sort of great and noble things would you like to do, Winnie?' he asked after a moment or two.

'Why, grandpa, something out of the line of every-day work here; something that would do good in the world; something for God, you know. It isn't merely for myself I want to work, though they all seem to think so.'

'Oh! that is it. I am glad you have such a noble desire. I was afraid it might be only for your own pleasure you wanted to get more out into the world.'

'No one seems to understand me,' sighed Winnie. 'I want to be a real heroine for God; that is my ambition.'

'Winnie,' called her mother at that moment, 'have you fed the little chickens?'

'No,' answered Winnie, impatient at having her talk with grandpa interrupted.

'I wish you would go right away, then, before they go to roost.'

She went without a word, but there was an impatient look on her face which seemed to say, 'This is always the way it goes, anyway.'

After she had seen to them she returned to hear what her grandfather would say.

'If you want to do God's work, Winnie, let us see what He says about it. Go and get your bible. A heroine is what you wish to be,' he continued, when she had returned with it. 'In the first place, what is a heroine?'

'"A person of distinguished bravery," is one definition, the one I mean,' answered Winnie.

'Turn to Proverbs, sixteenth chapter and thirty-second verse, and read that.'

Winnie found the passage, and read; 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'

'Now,' said grandpa, 'we would think a man who would go into battle and lead his army so as to victoriously take a city a very brave person. He would be a hero, would he not?'

'Yes,' answered Winnie, looking inquiringly at her grandfather. She could not see how this could have anything to do with her case.

'But the bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than that great man. Do you not think there is any chance for your becoming a real heroine here, Winnie? I think there is a chance for the very best kind of heroism, to go forth and win in the battle between right and wrong in your own spirit, and rule it as God would have you. Do you always do that, Winnie?'

'But, grandpa, I didn't think of that. I—'

'No, dear, you were overlooking the heroism which is closest to you, and looking afar off to discover some great, lofty service in which you might spend your time, when the first of all lies right at your door. Your enemy wouldn't have you see this if he could help it.'

They sat in silence for a few minutes, then grandpa spoke again:

'Why do you think Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Paul, and others of bible history, were such great men?'

'Was it because God chose them for a special work for Himself?' asked Winnie in reply.

'Aye, God did choose them; but I think the reason of their greatness was their consecration of heart to God. God chose Israel for His own nation, but when they turned away from Him they lost their greatness as a nation. God has a purpose for us all, a work He has chosen us to do; but if we don't consecrate ourselves to Him, and accept that work as from Him, we can never become great in His service. And I am sure, Winnie, the very first work He asks us to do is to be good. It is a great fight, this being good; it is easy enough to talk about it, and even to think we will be good, but when we come to the being so we find that our enemy is wide-awake, and ever alert to have, if possible, the rule over our spirits; but with God's help, and only with His help, we can gain the victory and build up a grand and noble character. But be sure not to try depending on your own strength at all, or failure is sure. "Satan is stronger than we; God is stronger than he."'

Winnie realized at least some of the truth of what her grandfather had been saying to her. As they sat there in the sweet summer twilight, she fell to musing on the greatness and almighty power of the great Creator, and yet His tender thoughtfulness for His little, almost obscure, creatures; for did not He who made and ordered the course of the stars, which were just beginning to show in the darkening sky, also take notice of and care for the little birds that were chirruping their good-nights, and the little insects singing in the grass, all fulfilling the purpose for which they were created? 'Can it be,' she thought, 'that I have been longing to get away from His divine purpose for me? I will be good, and live true to His purpose as He reveals it to me.'

'You don't know how encouraged I feel, grandpa,' said Winnie, looking up with a smile. 'Now I know that I can be a real heroine anyway; it won't matter if people don't know about it as long as I am good and true. "Many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air," you know.'

'I've no patience with the sentiment expressed in those words, Winnie,' said grandpa. 'Human eyes may never see the rose out on the desert, but other eyes do see it, and its sweetness is never wasted. It fulfils the purpose for which the Divine made it, even if human creatures know not that there is such a flower. God, who marks the sparrow's fall, and numbers the hairs of our heads, never makes anything to waste. Believe me, the little rose out there in the desert is just as likely to fill a place in the great Father's plan as the one grown in the rich man's garden and watched by him every day; much less is a human flower unseen and wasted If the great do not see us, more obscure people, in the world's eye (but not in God's eye), do, and our loveliness, if we have any, is not lost on them And no one can live a sweet life without blessing some fellow-creature, and that blessing goes on and on. Who can tell where it ends? As the fragrant flower affects the atmosphere around it, so does sweetness in human lives, and those who come into that atmosphere cannot but be bettered in some degree. No, no, sweetness is never wasted, and oh, that all would remember that at all times.'

After a little while Winnie arose to go into the house. 'Thank you, grandpa, for this little talk. It has helped me wonderfully,' said she, and she went away with a face brighter than usual.

This conversation with her grandfather set Winnie to thinking, and she saw many things in a different light from what she had been accustomed to look at them; yet, she could not see clearly how she could be content

The next day her mother went to town to do some trading, leaving her to keep house alone. She felt a little rebellious at first, as she looked around at the work to be done. First of all was a table full of dishes to be washed, and if there was any work Winnie really detested it was washing dishes.

'But,' she said to herself, 'it wouldn't be heroic to get cross or sulky just because I've a few dishes to wash.' So she went to work cheerfully, thinking all the while of what her grandpa had said about heroism and nothing being wasted. She tried earnestly to be really good, but little annoyances would keep happening and she saw clearly even that day that, as her grandpa said, she would have to rely wholly on God for strength if she would gain the victory.

Old Mr. Adams took his paper and sat down in the kitchen where Winnie was preparing supper for the hungry men.

'Don't you think, grandpa, that God wants us to do other things for Him besides just being good ourselves?' she asked.

Grandpa folded his paper, and pushed his spectacles upon his forehead. 'Yes, I think He does want us to do other things, but we must first see to it that in His strength we overcome sin, else we can't do much good work for Him, for people will have no confidence in us, and we won't bring any glory to our Heavenly Father. "Let your light so shine before me," you know.'

'Yes, I mean to have my light so shine. But I mean there seems to be no special work for me to do here, there are no very poor nor sick people to visit, no missionary work, not even a Sunday School class for me. I really long to just throw myself into some special work for Him.'

'Who placed you here?' asked grandpa.

'Why, God, I suppose,' answered Winnie.

'You don't think God would make a mistake and put one of His servants where He has no work to do, do you?'

'Oh no, I know it is all right. God cannot make any mistake; but somehow I can't understand it as clearly as I would like to, though.'

'Why do you do this housework which you dislike so much?' asked grandpa after a pause.

'Because I have to,' naively replied Winnie.

'Then you never do it for the Lord's sake, because He wants you to?'

'I never thought of it in that way,' said Winnie, wonderingly, 'but surely God doesn't care anything about washing dishes, sweeping floors, and such things?'

'Why not?' said grandpa, 'when He has placed you here, and ordered your surroundings making it necessary for you to do such work. Yes,' he continued, as Winnie did not reply, 'we can't always choose that work which looks the most pleasant in our eyes, but He knows what is best for us, and gives us work accordingly. "What soever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Just try it, Winnie; every morning as you begin your day's work, say to yourself, "this is the work God has planned for me to-day; I will gladly do it the best I can for His sake." And ask the Heavenly Father for the sake of His Son to give you all needed grace and strength. In so doing you will feel a thousand times happier, and the work will seem lighter. I have never felt daily work and cares to be so dull and hard since I began doing it for His sake. Then we won't have to look on the cloudy, discontented face any more, that we have seen so much lately, that hasn't brought any honor to your Master, has it, do you think?'

'I suppose not,' replied Winnie, slowly.

'No, I am sure it hasn't, but how could I help it when I felt so unhappy?'

'Have you any reason for feeling so?'

'Well, I thought I had, but I see now that I hadn't any real reason, and I am going to do better. I must rule discontent out of my spirit surely,' she said brightly; 'if I can't do just what I would like best, I will do what I can well, anyway.'

'Read the parable of the pounds, Winnie; you will see He says, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in that which is least, is unjust also in much." There are lots of people who think they would like to do some great thing in the world for God, but do not want to bother with the seemingly ordinary little things; but it seems to me, God can't trust such people with His work. Do the work that is at your hands faithfully, dear girl; you will find it all you can do at present, and then, if God ever wants you to do anything which seems greater, trust Him to show you in good time what and where it is. Build your character now. What is higher or nobler than consecrating one's daily life entirely to His service in deeds both great and small?'

Grandpa resumed his reading and Winnie went about her work in silence for some time. When she had finished she took her bible and read the parable grandpa had mentioned. Just then there was a noise outside.

'What is that I hear?' asked Mr. Adams.

'It's father and mother driving up the lane. I'll go and help her carry in the parcels.'

'Why, dear?'

'Because it is the work God has for me to do just now. I see it now, grandpa, and I will try to be a better girl.'

Winnie did try, and succeeded too, as all boys and girls, men and women will, who try to be good, relying on God's strength.

But being good is uphill work. Winnie was not perfection at once, by any means. She often caught herself harboring wrong thoughts, and even saying wrong things, at first; but she soon lost her nickname, and become a bright cheerful girl. And now, if God calls her to a wider sphere of usefulness, she will have a noble character, a cheerful spirit, and a calm, peaceful trust in her Heavenly Father, relying on Him for strength in every trial, which means victory to every one in like possession in whatever station of life they are found

A year afterward you would not have known she was the same girl. She still clings to the idea of being heroic, and grandpa calls her his little heroine, just why no one but themselves know. And you may be sure she has plenty to do; constantly finding some little opportunity which she had overlooked before in her search for something great.

The fact of the matter is, if we want to multiply diseases, poverty, crime, indolence, and all the stages of idiocy and drunkenness and the consumption of the stronger drinks, introduce the more mild drinks and make them cheap, and they will make the rest.—Prof. S. M. D. Fry.

What the Trawl-Net Brings Up.

Various are the things which the trawl occasionally dredges up from the depths of the sea—relics of the past that would make the eyes of an antiquary sparkle with delight, and curiosities without number often appear amongst the struggling fish when the net is hauled on deck. It is not so rare an occurrence, for instance, for the men to fish up barrels of oil, pork, or gunpowder; and should a barrel chance, as it

sometimes does, to contain cod liver oil, the contents prove to be valuable.

Some time ago an apparently empty barrel was brought up, and on being rolled out on deck the skipper took an axe to break it open. The bunghole was uppermost, and as he struck the barrel he remarked by way of a joke—

'Now, if there's any one inside, come out of it!'

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a big conger-eel suddenly shot straight out of the bunghole into the air, and the crew were so surprised at this sudden and most unexpected apparition that they let the conger escape through one of the scupper holes into the sea before they recovered from their fright.—'Child's Companion.'

Harold's Vacation.

(By Will N. Harben, in 'The Independent.')

The old lady passed the counter where the ribbons and laces were displayed, and came on to the neckwear department where Harold Dubose was dusting one of the showcases and putting his disarranged stock in order.

He was glad to see her in the city, for she lived near his mother in the village of Franklin, about fifty miles out; and he had not been home in three months. The old lady paused, with a friendly smile and handshake, and, after looking over a box of scarves, she selected one, and he sent it to the wraping department by the cash-boy.

'I presume you are looking forward to a delightful time during your vacation,' she said, genially. 'I know you deserve a good rest and lots of fun.'

'I am, thank you, Mrs. Redwood,' he replied, awkwardly, as he took her parcel and change from the cash-boy and gave them to her. 'I—I am completely fagged out.'

'When do you get away?' she asked. She had fixed him with her mild, wondering gaze as she opened her handbag and put the parcel away.

'Next Saturday,' Harold replied, his eyes wandering from hers. 'The head of the department is away now, and when he gets back I shall be free.'

'Ah, I am so glad,' said the old lady. 'Franklin is such a nice place this time of the year, and your mother will be delighted to see you.'

Harold flushed under her upward glance. He busied himself putting some neckties back into the showcase, and then answered, awkwardly:

'Yes, it is a nice place.'

A look of perplexity came into Mrs. Redwood's face, and it gradually deepened into an expression of pained concern.

'Shall I tell her you are coming, then? or perhaps you have written,' she corrected. 'But you know she and I are great friends, and I love to give her pleasure.'

'The truth is,' Harold confessed shamefacedly, 'I do not intend to—to go to Franklin this time. Charley Johnson, a friend of mine in the dress goods department, is going to Saratoga, and I intend to go with him. I have never been there. We have saved up our money for that purpose.'

'Oh! I cannot tell you how very sorry I am,' said Mrs. Redwood, still with the expression of pain on her fine face. 'For weeks I have been looking forward to your mother's happiness in having you again with her. You know she is very lonely since you left. I don't think boys ever realize fully how greatly their parents miss them. Have you written her that—that you do not intend to come home?'

'Not yet; I shall do so to-night.'

'Don't do it, Harold.' There was deep appeal in the old lady's tone. 'I cannot bear to think of her disappointment.'

'She always wants me to have a good time in my own way,' the young man said, rather doggedly.

'I know that,' returned the old lady, in a gentle tone; 'but her heart will ache if she does not see you this summer. You know she is absolutely alone in the cottage now.'

'My cousin Hetty is there, and'—

'Your cousin went home two weeks ago. I presume your mother did not write you that, for fear it would cause you uneasiness.'

A deep frown of vexation lay on Harold's face. He drew a box of neckties to him and began arranging them.

'No, she didn't write about it,' he said. 'I should like to spend my vacation at home; but I have promised Johnson to go with him, and I don't want to break my word. I have never been to Saratoga, and I ought to go when I have the chance. There is nothing to be seen at Franklin.'

The pattern of a certain scarf in the showcase seemed to please the fancy of Mrs. Redwood, for she placed her finger on the glass over it, and said:

'Let me see that one, also, please; it is very pretty.'

He drew it out, and she put on her glasses and examined the texture of the silk closely. 'It is good and heavy,' she said; 'I think—how much is it worth?'

'Seventy-five cents,' replied Harold.

'I will take it,' she said. 'Put it in with the other. I am going to give them to John and Alfred Warren. You know them; they are good boys.'

The cash-boy went away with the scarf and a bill.

'Very well indeed,' replied Harold; 'we were in school together.'

She seemed hardly to hear his answer. The pleasant face under the white rippled hair wore a look of great hesitation, and it was not until the cash-boy had returned with her parcel and withdrawn that she spoke.

'Your mother may think I am telling tales out of school,' she began, in a gentle, appealing voice; 'but Harold, I think I ought to tell you that she is not so well as when you last saw her. Like myself, she is getting old, and she cannot so easily bear disappointment. I am really afraid if you do not come to Franklin this summer it will tell seriously on her health. You know I run in to keep her company all I can; and—and, well I understand her perhaps better than you do. Besides, my dear boy, the money you intend spending at Saratoga would give her many—comforts which she ought to have.'

'My uncle sends her money every month,' said the young man. 'She has often told me that she had enough, and that I need not send any of mine.'

'That, perhaps, was because she was

afraid of depriving you, Harold, and because she will not have things beyond her means, though she needs them badly. Did you know she has not had a cook lately, and that she has done all the housework?'

'No, I did not know that,' replied the young man. 'It shall not be so long. I will send her money next month, and insist on her using it.'

'That is noble of you,' replied the old lady as she turned to go; 'but remember what I have said about coming to Franklin, and do not disappoint her. Good-by.'

All that morning Harold worked with a fretful frown on his face. He had not decided to take Mrs. Redwood's advice, and yet he could not divest himself of the feeling of irritation that a new view of his duty had brought to him. At noon Charley Johnson came over to his department.

'Ready for lunch?' he asked.

Harold nodded, took down his hat and joined him.

'I have been trying to get over to you all morning,' said Johnson, when they had reached the street. 'We thought a hundred dollars would put us through our trip; but we must have tennis suits to be thoroughly in the swim at such a swell place. I know where we can get them on credit. The price is only ten dollars; we can easily lay that aside next month.'

'I suppose so,' replied Harold, his mind on Mrs. Redwood and her talk. At that moment if he had had sufficient courage to ask Johnson to excuse him he would have been glad to give up the Saratoga trip altogether. 'I don't want to buy anything on credit,' he said, finally.

'Well, you needn't; I'm going to have mine though; I'm going all the gaits while I'm there.'

Nothing further was said on the subject; but Harold did not enjoy his luncheon. Everything he ate seemed to lodge in his throat. He was half-vexed with Charley, regretted having seen Mrs. Redwood that day, and was generally nervous and upset.

Up to the day before his vacation began, Harold was still determined not to be deprived of his visit to the great watering-place. That afternoon he received by post a note from Mrs. Redwood:

'Dear Harold,' she wrote, 'forgive a childish old busybody for interfering in your affairs; but my two sons have brought home with them from Philadelphia, three of their boy friends, and they are expecting you to go with them boating on the lake and fishing. You must see William's new boat. To use his expression it is 'a hummer.' I have seen your mother several times since I returned home, and she is counting on seeing you Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. I did not tell her that you had had any idea of going elsewhere. You said you were going to write to her about your Saratoga trip; but, as she has heard nothing to the contrary, I presume you failed to do it, and the failure shows you are coming to Franklin. I shall be on my veranda to see you go by.

'Your old friend,
'S. Redwood.'

Harold started when he read the reference to the letter he was to write to his mother. Surely, he remembered having done so; he recalled what an awkward task it had been to explain why he had promised to go to such a fashionable resort as Saratoga. But why had she not received it? could he have failed to post it? He went to the table in his room and opened a drawer. The letter was there.

What was to be done? It would not do to disappoint her now. He hurriedly consulted a time-table. There would not be another train to Franklin till eight o'clock in the evening, which reached that place at ten. That was his only chance; his things were already packed. He sat down and wrote Charley Johnson the best explanation possible, considering his haste, sent it by a messenger, and took a car for the station. A great load seemed to have been taken off him, and yet he shuddered to think how his mother had suffered when he had not come on the three o'clock train as she had expected.

When he arrived at Franklin, the streets, contrasted with those of the city, looked dark and cheerless. On his way home, and just before arriving there, he came to the large house occupied by the Redwoods.

He saw lights in the sitting-room and parlor. He was about to pass on when he heard his name called, and a figure emerged from behind the vines which clambered up the lattice-work on the veranda. It was Mrs. Redwood, her head covered with a shawl. She hurried down the walk to the gate where he had stopped.

'I thought it was you!' she said, excitedly. 'Oh, I am so glad you have come! I sent a telegram to the store, and one also to Saratoga.'

He started at her in amazement.

'Wh—has anything happened?' he gasped.

'Your mother fell to-day and hurt herself. The doctor is with her now and some of the neighbors. She had been to the train to meet you, and as she was going up the steps of her house her foot slipped. I had just told her about your intention to go to Saratoga—I had to explain—she was so uneasy after missing you at the train.'

'Is she seriously hurt?' Harold asked, feeling his heart sink in dread of what Mrs. Redwood might next tell him.

'She was unconscious a while ago; but she may be better now. All the afternoon she has been crying and begging for you to come to her. I am so glad you got my message!'

'I did not get it,' he returned, as if in a dream; 'I found that I had not mailed my letter telling her I was going to Saratoga, and did not want to disappoint her. I had better go on. I—I hope'—

His voice broke; and Mrs. Redwood took his arm caressingly as they walked on to his mother's cottage.

As they entered the door he heard his name called from his mother's room, and he went in. The doctor was bending over her, trying to ease her pain by administering small doses of morphine.

'Oh, I want my child; I want my baby boy!' cried Mrs. Dubose, as she tossed about restlessly. 'Why does he not come to me? You are all trying to kill me. I have never done you any harm.'

'Here he is, Mrs. Dubose,' cried Mrs. Redwood, coming forward. 'He missed his train.'

'Where?' gasped Mrs. Dubose, raising herself on an elbow.

'Here, Mother, dear,' Harold said, amazed at his mother's ghastly face; and he took her in his arms.

'Oh, my baby; I'm so glad you came!' sobbed Mrs. Dubose, as her arms clasped him about the neck. 'I fell and hurt myself; but I will be all right soon, now you are here.'

'The very medicine you needed, Mrs. Dubose,' said the doctor; 'now you won't want anything to make you sleep.'

Harold sat by her bedside the rest of the night. As long as she could feel the touch of his hand and know that he was present, she slept soundly.

The next morning she was better, and from that time on she gradually improved until she was quite her old self again.

It was during the last week of his vacation that Harold noticed a continual shadow on her face.

'What is the matter?' he asked her one night. She had come into his room to close a window that the draught over his head might not give him a cold. He had heard her sigh and noticed her face looking sad and wan in the light of the lamp she held in her hand.

'I simply can't bear to think of your going back next Monday,' she said; 'you have no idea how lonely I am. It seems to me that I have such a short time to live anyway that I ought to have you with me more.'

She was turning away, and he drew her to him.

'Mother,' he said, 'I have been thinking that it would be better and more economical for us if you would come to the city and live with me. I have almost enough to furnish a little flat. In that way, I could keep my position and have you with me also.'

She started; the lamp in her hand shook. He saw that she was making an almost painful effort to speak with calmness.

'Harold, do you really mean it?' she managed to say.

'Yes, Mother, we could begin to pack to-morrow. It would be glorious! I don't like to live in a boarding-house.'

She put the lamp on a table and sat down. She held her hand to her mouth to hide the twitchings of her lips. She was trying to keep her great joy to herself, as if it were a weakness to be disowned.

'I have always wanted to get back to New York,' she confessed. 'The happiest years of my life were spent there, when your father was alive. I was afraid we could not afford it. Do you really think we could? I—I don't like to count on it, and then be disappointed.'

'The easiest thing in the world,' he answered. 'Now, go to bed, Mother I have made up my mind to have it so.'

Late in the night she came to add another quilt to the covering over him, and as she did so bent to kiss him again. And then he found that her face was wet with tears of joy.

The next morning when he told Mrs. Redwood what he was going to do, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

'You are the best-hearted boy in the world,' she said. 'It is what I have long wanted you to do. It will make your mother young again.'

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the Isle of What's-the-use,
Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be when I was young,
The Land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm—
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart,
He treated shamefully!

When girls and boys their tasks would slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, 'Don't care! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow!'

But when in after life they longed
To make proud Fortune bow,
He let them find that fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap,
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tents a long way off
From the Land of Anyhow!

B. W. Manson.

The Chimpanzee and the Bottle.

During the winter months a big chimpanzee named Johanna is kept in the Central Park Arsenal in New York. In the summer Johanna goes travelling round the country with the other animals of the Barnum and Bailey menagerie.

A year or two ago Johanna had a mate named Chiko, who died. He had been dead several months when a visitor at the Arsenal asked the keeper if he believed that Johanna remembered Chiko.

'Let me show you,' he answered, as he took from his pocket a photograph of Chiko and handed it to Johanna.

She took it and squatted on the floor of the cage, holding the picture in both hands. She looked at it intently for a moment, then pressed it to her lips as if kissing it. Next she rubbed it up and down on her face, and then gazed on it again, looking so sad she seemed about to cry. Presently she folded her arms about it, and going away into a corner, she swayed her body to and fro, as a mother rocks a little human baby.

An amusing instance of Johanna's memory is her experience with a seltzer-bottle. One day a friend of the keeper brought a bottle for him, with the usual siphon attachment. Johanna is very curious. As soon as she saw the bottle she was quite eager to have it in her hands.

She begged so earnestly that the keeper placed it within her reach on the outside of her cage. Instantly she grasped it, but handled it very gently.

The siphon puzzled her. She turned the bottle round and round, fingered the cap, and at last held it in such a position as to point the nozzle straight in her face. At the same instant she happened to press the spring. The seltzer squirted into her face and over her head. Then such screaming!

Johanna held on to the bottle, and not understanding what had caused the flood, she kept her finger on the spring until the bottle was nearly empty.

How frightened she was! The keeper, fearing she might be savage, did not dare to enter the cage to relieve her, but after a while succeeded in persuading her to put the bottle on the floor.

Then poor Johanna lay on her back screaming and moaning alternately, and it was some time before her keeper could quiet her. He tried to explain the mystery of the bottle to her. She would not listen to him, but went scudding to the farthest corner of her cage at sight of the cause of her shower-bath.

By-and-by the keeper succeeded in pacifying her, but her curiosity in regard to bottles was fully satisfied. Since this adventure she is very much afraid of them.

Sometimes Johanna gets cross and peevish without any apparent cause. Then she is wilful and sulky, and will not allow her keeper to wash her hands and face, as is the daily custom.

When he finds that kindly coaxing will do no good, he takes an empty bottle from a convenient corner and gently shakes it at Johanna. That is enough. She at once becomes pleasant and obedient.

Johanna's bill of fare for each day is usually eighteen oranges, as many bananas, twelve apples, and twelve eggs; and as much bread as she can coax her keeper to give her. He says bread is not good for her, but she is very fond of it.—Margaret H. Bates in 'Child's Companion.'

A Little Haymaker.

When haying began, every one on the farm worked with might and main, and none harder than Charlie.

He followed the mowing-machine round and round the piece which his uncle was cutting, watching grass-heads and daisies nod and fall before the sharp teeth which he had turned the grindstone for his uncle to sharpen, until he was so tired

that he could not sleep when bed-time came, and was discovered one night trying to climb the bureau; for what purpose was not known, unless to get in walking trim for the next day's mowing.

And when it came to raking and 'tumbling,' he was on hand with the little pitchfork which had been found for him, and Charlie could make as good a tumble as any man on the hay-field, although it took all his pluck to attack the windrows in which the hay was heaviest.

There was one thing that he always disliked, though he never shirked it, and that was riding to the field on the hay-rack. It was all right until the waggon turned into the meadow and began to bob and bump over the rough ground. Then began his troubles. Every hummock over which the wheels passed would throw him up in the air with a bounce like a rubber ball.

And when the horses were put into a trot, so that the hay might be gotten in before the thunder-storm came up, and the pitchforks rattled and tossed about in the bottom of the waggon, the shaking-up he endured was enough to turn him to jelly, if he had not been so tough,—to say nothing of the danger of pitching overboard,—while the men laughed aloud at his unwilling antics. He was more than repaid for this, though, in riding back on top of the load, after having raked after so clean that not a handful of hay was left behind.

When the load went rumbling into the barn his services usually ceased, except such little matters as running to the well for a pail of fresh water for the men.

But one day Charlie pleaded so hard with his uncle to be allowed to help 'mow away,' which means to stand in the haw-mow and stow the hay away as it is thrown up from the load, that he finally won his consent, and Charlie clambered up on the mow with his pitchfork and made ready for duty. Proud that at last he was allowed to do what only the men had done before, he waited for the first throw.

How it did come piling up on him under the vigorous unloading of Uncle Kent—great forkfuls, heavy and dusty, and how hot it was up here where no breath of air came! Would the load never be off?

Faster and faster it came. Charlie could hardly get one forkful out of the way before another was waiting. At last, as he was struggling to pull his fork out of some that he had stowed away with great effort, a big forkful came upon him unawares which knocked him over and buried him up completely.

Nearly smothered, he worked his way out, thinking that he should have to call out a surrender; but great was his relief to find that this was the last forkful and that the rack was empty.

'Well, how do you like mowing away?' said his uncle, as he came sliding down from the mow, covered with dust, his cheeks aflame and his arms and legs trembling with the exertion.

'Oh, pretty well,' said Charlie; but he never asked to mow away again.—John W. Buckham in the 'Youth's Companion.'

God's Baby.

'Can I have this new baby, Master Wilfred?' asked the nurse. That is the way nurses have of pretending to beg or borrow babies. Jane did not really mean to take the baby, but Wilfred thought she did. In fact, he was so tickled himself at having a new baby in the house that he was not surprised at anybody wanting it.

'Oh, no,' he said, very earnestly, 'you can't have it, Jane, not for anything.'

'Why not, Master Wilfred? Your mother and father have you to love; what do they want with another boy? You might give me this one.'

'I couldn't give him to you,' Wilfred said, gravely, ''cause he is'nt mine; he is God's baby.'

'Indeed!' cried the nurse, looking with awe at the little pink thing in her lap, wrapped in flannel and lace.

'Yes,' Wilfred went on; 'mother told me that he came from God, and that some day, when he is a big man, may be God will say, "Come, John Lewis Patton, you've been long enough on earth; I want you back home now."'

'Well, to be sure!' cried nurse again; she had never thought about that.

'And mother says, too,' Wilfred went on, 'that God would be very angry if we didn't take good care of his baby. We've got to teach him to do right, and not let him hear any bad words or learn to tell stories. If I get mad, or anything like that, I must hide away, so Johnny won't see me, 'cause God might ask me about him, you know, like he did Cain when he killed Abel. Do you know about Cain and Abel, Jane?'

'What about them, honey?'

'Why, Abel was God's little boy, and Cain got mad at him and killed him; and God was angry with Cain for doing it. So, then, we'd better be good to God's baby. Mother says God loves him more than she does or father does; more than she loves me,' added Wilfred, with emphasis.—'Christian Observer.'

The Homes He Visits.

A little girl went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jennie the carpets, ornaments and flowers, and asked, 'Don't you think these things are lovely?'

'They are pretty,' said Jennie. 'What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?'

'Why, no,' said the lady.

'Don't you ever ask him?' asked Jennie. 'We have only a room and a bedroom, and we have no carpets or pretty things; but Jesus comes and makes us very happy.'

The lady told her husband what Jennie had said, and he replied: 'I have often thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness, and ask him to come and live with us.'

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.—'Little Learners' Paper.'

Something Unusual.

He hunted through the library,
  He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his
    toys,
  Upon the nursery floor;
He asked the cook and Mary,
  He called mamma to look,
He even started sister up
  To leave her Christmas book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,
  And knew some horrid tramp
Had walked in through the open
    gate
  And stolen it, the scamp!
Perhaps the dog had taken it
  And hidden it away;
Or else perhaps he'd chewed it up
  And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the
    stairs,
  Looked through the closet door,
And there it hung upon its peg,
  As it had hung before.
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy
    red,
  Astonished was his face.
He couldn't find his cap—because
  'Twas in its proper place!

—Emma Endicott Marean in the 'Youth's Companion.'

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 17.

Power Through the Spirit.

Zech. iv., 1-4. Read the Chapter. Memory verses 8-10. Compare Ezra v., 14-22.

Golden Text.

'Not by night, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. iv., 6.

Home Readings.

M. Zech. 4. Power through the Spirit.
T. 2 Chron. 20; 5-13. 'Not by might.'
W. 2 Chron. v2: 1-8. The Arm of the Lord.
Th. Isa. 59: 16-21. Spirit of the Lord.
F. Rom. 15: 13-21. Wrought by the Spirit.
S. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31. Power in weakness.
Su. 2 Cor. 3. Life by the Spirit.

Lesson Story.

Supt.—1. And the angel that talked with me came again, and waked me, as a man that is wakened out of his sleep.

School.—2. And said unto me, What seest thou? And I said, I have looked, and behold a candlestick all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and his seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are upon the top thereof:

3. And two olive trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl, and the other upon the left side thereof.

4. So I answered and spoke to the angel that talked with me, saying, What are these my Lord?

5. Then the angel that talked with me answered and said unto me, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said, No, my lord.

6. Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, This is the word of the Lord unto Ze-rub'ba-bel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.

7. Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zu-rub'ba-bel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it.

8. Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

9. The hands of Ze-rub'ba-bel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you.

10. For who hath despised the day of small things? for they shall rejoice, and shall see the plummet in the hand of Ze-rub'ba-bel with those seven; they are the eyes of the Lord, which run to and fro through the whole earth.

11. Then answered I, and said unto him, What are these two olive trees upon the right side of the candlestick and upon the left side thereof?

12. And I answered again, and said unto him. What be these two olive branches which through the two golden pipes empty the golden oil out of themselves?

13. And he answered me and said, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said No, my lord.

14. Then said he, These are the two anointed ones, that stand by the Lord of the whole earth.

Suggestions.

Haggai, the aged prophet, had encouraged the people in a great forward movement in religious matters. By his prophecies and messages of hopeand blessing, he had cheered the people on to begin again to rebuild the Temple which had lain in ruin and desolations for the last seventy years.

Zechariah, a much younger man, but also filled with the Spirit of God and taught by him, was sent to the people at about the same time with a message from Jehovah. In the eight month, in the second year of Darius, (November, B C. 520) came the word of the Lord unto Zechariah, the son of Berechiah, the son Iddo. Iddo was one of the heads of the twelve courses of priests, and Zechariah became his successor, thus being both prophet and priest. Three months after the first message, God spoke again to Zechariah, and set before his vision eight wonderful pictures, object lessons for poor, desolate discouraged Israel. The first vision was given that they might realize that the God of the whole earth was still planning and caring for them. The second vision showing the four dread horns, symbols of the powers of earth which had been allowed to destroy Jerusalem and disperse her people, and the carpenters, symbols of the mighty forces of God, filing and swinging and destroying these horns, was a bright spot of hope and encouragement. God's forces are mightier than all the powers on earth.

In the third vision a man with a measuring line is seen going about the city as though to ascertain the extent of what had been done toward the rebuilding and what had still to be done. But God's plans can not be ascertained by finite measurements. And the angel is sent to tell the man cease surveying, for 'Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls * * * for I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her.' The fourth vision typifies the forgiveness of the sons of the nation in the person of Joshua the high priest, whose filthy rags are changed for the glorious raiment suitable to the ministry of God. And the branch is promised, the coming Messiah.

The fifth vision showed the golden candle stick of seven branches symbol of the perfect light. The number seven signifies perfection, the candlestick was in the form of an upright with six lateral branches, three on each side. As Zechariah beheld this candle stick he saw on either side of the golden bowl which held its supply of oil, an olive tree. From each tree a golden pipe led down to the golden bowl with a constant, living, never failing supply of the persisting oil. Oil is always a type of the Holy Spirit, the olive trees, the two anointed ones typify the Spirit of God and Jesus Christ, the sources of light and power. The candle stick signified the Jewish nation and the glorious power it would have if it would but keep in the close, vital connection with God typified by the candlestick and the olive trees. The candlestick now tipifies the church of Christ, or any individual believer who will keep in the same close contact with God, that the Spirit of Christ can be constantly poured in. The candlestick without the oil was worthless as far as giving light went.

Zerubbabel, the governor, may have grown discouraged by the constant efforts of the enemy to frustrate their highest hopes and plans. The depressing dulness of the people and their lethargic condition spiritually, must have made him sometimes wonder if they ever could acomplish that for which they had journeyed so far and undergone so many hardships years before Harrassed on every side, the little handful of Jews may often have wished that they were a great and powerful nation with an immense army that could subdue all their enemies. But Jehovah was teaching them. Not by an army, not by earthly forces, not by human power, but by the Spirit of God should they prevail, was the promise of Jehovah, the Lord of hosts.

The faith to remove mountains (Matt. xvii., 20) was to be given to Zerubbabel, the difficulties in the way of building the temple would disappear, and the governor should bring forth the headstone with great joy and praise.

The Bible Class.

The Holy Spirit.—Eph. v., 18: Gal. v, 22-25: Acts xix., 2, 6; I., 8: John xiv., 26; xv., 26; xvi., 13, 14: Rom. viii., 5-9, 13-6, 26.

C. E Topic.

Supt. 17. Unhesitating confidence in Christ. 2 Tim. 1: 1-12.

Junior C. E.

Sept. 17. Christ's entrance; how can we honor Christ? Mark 11: 1-11.

A wise teacher kindly receives even the wrong replies, so that the children may not be discouraged from expressing themselves again. In so far as these wrong replies contain ideas that will mislead, they are corrected, but otherwise the error is left unnoticed. These wrong replies come oftener than otherwise as a result of careless questions. A teacher who keeps himself at his best finds his way pretty clear of perplexities of any sort.—Mrs. Crafts.

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER.—XV.

CIGARETTES.

1. Q.—What is a fact in regard to the manufacture of cigarettes?

A.—That many of them contain opium, while the wrapper, warranted to be rice paper, is only common paper whitened with arsenic.

2. Q.—How are opiates used in the manufacture of tobacco?

A.—A solution is sprinkled on the tobacco. Spices are used to flavor cigar boxes and destroy the strong fumes of poor tobacco.

3. Q.—Name some articles used in flavoring tobacco.

A.—Sugar, honey, orange peel, lemon peel, mace, cloves, spices of all kinds, vanilla, licorice, valerian, tonka-bean, opiates, laudanum, Spanish wine, Santa Cruz rum, and liquors of all sorts.

4. Q.—What does Dr. Hammond, the celebrated expert in brain diseases, say of the ill effects of cigarette smoking?

A.—It produces facial neuraliga, sleeplessenss, nervous dyspepsia, sciatica, and strong dislike for mental exertion.

5. Q.—What is meant by the term 'cigar-butt grubbers?'

A.—Those who pick up from gutters and sidewalks stumps and half-burnt cigars which are dried and then used in making cigarettes.

6. Q.—What do we learn from the newspapers of San Francisco?

A.—That one hundred and ninety-five cases of leprosy have been traced by the physicians to the smoking of cigarettes make by the Chinese lepers.

7. Q.—Are cigarettes hurtful?

A.—More so than cigars, because the paper used for cigarettes has lead or arsenic used in its manufacture.

8. Q.—Is not the small amount of tobacco in a cigarette too little to be hurtful?

A.—No, the smaller amount of tobacco is hurtful, besides a poor quality is used in cigarettes, and the most popular brands have opium in them.

9. Q.—Is it more hurtful to smoke cigarettes than cigars or pipes?

A.—Yes, because cigarettes are made of inferior tobacco and often of castaway cigar stumps and quids of tobacco that scavengers and Chinamen pick up from hotel and barroom spittoons, alleys, and sidewalks. No spot is too disgusting to fish them out of.

10. Q.—Are the cigarettes made from old cigar stumps dangerous as well as disgustingly filthy?

A.—They are, because men with all sorts of vile diseases have had them in their mouths; drunkards, and men cursed with the frightful ailments common to degraded humanity, whose very touch will communicate disease.

11. Q.—What says a noted physician?

A.—I never observed such pallid faces, nor ever knew so many consumptive affections as of late years, and I trace this alarming inroad on young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of cigarette smoking.

12. Q.—How many cigarettes were consumed in this country last year?

A.—It is estimated that 2,450,000,000 (two billion four hundred and fifty million, cigarettes were consumed in this country last year, largely by young men and boys.

13. Q.—What is the latest cigarette?

A.—A brandy cigarette is the latest thing from Boston. It is made of tobacco that has been soaked in brandy, and the smoker is enabled to keep mildly intoxicated without touching a drop of liquor.

It is well known that the nerves are directly affected by cigarette smoking—doubtless more so than by the ordinary cigar or superfragrant pipe. But it may not be generally understood that nerves of the teeth are actually killed by this indulgence. It appears from the testimony of a Brooklyn dentist that this is the case.

A Word For the Girls.

A lady complained one day, in the presence of Mr. Edward Carswell, that most of the songs and stories written were for the boys. 'Why does not some one write a good temperance song for the girls, especially,' said she.

Mr. Carswell whipped out his pencil, took a pad and in a few minutes dashed off these words:

'Many songs have been written
And stories, too,
Of what boys have done and
Are going to do;
But for work well done in
The Temperance line,
The girls go ahead of them
Every time.'

What do you say to this, boys and girls?—

Sunday in Russia.

A cyclist, touring in Russia, thus describes what he saw as he passed through a country town on Sunday:—'Around the green and white church hundreds of Cossack women had assembled in their bright dresses. The vodki shops in the main street were doing a roaring trade, and moujiks, incapably drunk on the fiery spirit, lay about in all directions. This is a Sunday institution observable throughout the whole of Russia—the women going to church and the men get drunk. Vodki is the lodestone of every moujik and Cossack. They will drink it by the quart, just as the German will drink beer. Its effects are almost instantaneous, and it is frequently the case that a moujik will get insensibly intoxicated several times in one day. The custom of the "traktir" proprietor or inn-keeper, is to carry the insensible moujik very tenderly out into the street, and lay him in the middle of the road, in order to give him breathing space and time to sleep off the effects of his potations.'—'Temperance Record.'

Alphabet of Prudence.

Attend the advice of the old and the wise.
Be not angry, nor fret, but forgive and forget.
Can you think it no ill to pilfer and steal?
Do the thing you are bid, nor be sullen when chid.
Envy none for their wealth, or their honor, or health.
Fear, worship, and love, the great God above.
Grow quiet and easy, when fools try to tease ye.
Honor father and mother, love sister and brother.
It is dangerous folly to jest with things holy.
Keep your books without blot, and your clothes without spot.
Let your hands do no wrong, nor backbite with your tongue.
Make haste to obey, nor dispute or delay.
Never stay within hearing of cursing and swearing.
Offer God all the prime of your strength and your time.
Provoke not the poor, tho' he lie at your door.
Quash all evil thoughts, and mourn for your faults.
Remember the liar will be brought to the mire.
Shun the wicked and rude, but converse with the good.
Transgress not the rule, at home or at school.
Vie still with the best, and excel with the rest.
When you are at play, take heed what you say.
'Xcuse, but with truth, the follies of youth.
Yield a little for peace, and let quarrelling cease.
Zeal and charity joined make you pious and kind.

—'Alliance News.'

Alcohol is one of the most insidious of drugs. It soothes and lulls, not because it is giving rest and refreshment, but because it is paralysing nerve centres, and therefore the drinker is the one most unable to say whether it is doing him good or harm. It is as a rule only when much harm is done, and the mischief is irreparable, that the drinker realizes what alcohol is doing for him.

Correspondence

Trout River.

Dear Editor,—I live on a large farm, near Trout River. I have two brothers, and four sisters. I am the youngest of the family. I am ten years old. My birthday is on February the twelfth. I am in the fourth reader. Our school starts the 15th of August. We have a very nice teacher. We have not a very large school. My sister takes the 'Messenger.' We take a good many papers, but I like the 'Sabbath Reading,' and 'Mssenger' the best. Since e friend RUBY C.

Mulgrave, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was visiting Uncle Harvey, and aunt Florence Shert, I have a great-grandmother, seventy-six years old. She has five brothers and sisters. We have a dog and a cat, and two horses. I was ten years old last February. I go to school and like it very well. I am in the Third book. Your reader, FOSSIE S.

Avonton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school, and enjoy it very much. I live opposite the church, and two miles from the school-house. I do not go to school, as it is the summer holidays. I have five brothers, and two sisters. Your faithful reader,

JENNIE. T.

Cairnside.

Dear Editor,—I am a litle girl twelve years old. I go to Sunday-school; our Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Hamilton. I have two pet dogs, one named Dan, and the other named Topsey, I have a pet cat named Tommy. We have six horses named Black, Nellie, Tom, Doly Daisy and Rosy. Rosy is a year old and we go out to take a drive with her. We have eight cows, and we bring our milk to the factory. We have nine sheep, and we have six calves. I have three sisters at Rutland, Vt., and one at home. Our neighbor is Mr. Reid; he has a little girl six years old, and I go to play with her some times. I got the 'Messenger' from Mr. Ritchie, and I like it very well. We live near the bush, and we go and get flowers in summer. I go and pick raspberries and brambles. I don't like to pick them very well. EUGENIE C.

Bloomingdale, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eleven years. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We take the 'Messenger,' and like to read it very much. I live near Eagle Lake, and have a fine view of it, but we are going to move to New York State. I am in the 5th grade. I want to see if any body of my own age takes the 'Messenger' my birthday is the 13th of April. We have six horses, and one cow, and one colt, but we have sold a lot of pigs and cows. We have two cats, and a dog, whose name is Tony. We dress him up in a dress and cape, and put him on the bicycle while we hold it up and give him a ride.

ETHEL S.

Holstein, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. My home is in Palmerston, but I am visiting at my uncle's on a farm, a mile and a quarter from Holstein. I have two brothers, and one sister. I am making a quilt, and I have ten blocks done. I am learning to crochet too. I would like to see my letter in the 'Messenger.' My uncle takes the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day, that I am at home. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and get the 'Northern Messenger' there. LIZZIE B.

Chesterfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and during that time your paper and I have become great friends. I have two brothers, and three sisters. I live on my father's farm. I have had my holidays this summer, as I was at my uncle's for three weeks. I generally read the stories on pages, eight and nine first, and then I read the 'Correspondence' next. I did not write a very long one this time, as it is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' but I will write again.

Your faithful reader,

EFFIE E B.

Rosemont, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger.' I like to read the stories in it. My father is a farmer. We have four cows, six horses, ten turkeys, nine geese, and some hens. My father saw a lovely deer, one day last week in the field with some horses. We have a dog. I have a little brother. I am nine years old. I go to the day-school. I am in the Third reader; I have about two miles to walk to school. ADRIENNA.

Maugeville.

Dear Editor,—I live in Fredericton, and am visiting at the house of a friend of mine, Mamie Dykeman. It is a beautiful place along the River St. John. The boats pass here every day. I have been here two weeks, and am having a lovely time. I love to watch the men when they are haying. I go to Model school, when I am home; my teacher's name is Mr. Rogers. I am in the Fifth book. Our school begins in two weeks. It was here I first saw the 'Messenger,' and hope soon to take it. I belong to a Mission Band, the name of it is, 'The Right, Willing Workers.' This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' Yours truly

BERT E E. C.

Drummond, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday here, and I enoy reading the 'Correspondence' very much. For pets we have a cat, named Jessie, two pigeons, a crow, and two dogs, whose names are Captain and Salior. There is a lake called the Mississippi Lake, about one mile from here. We have most of our picnics there. We live eight miles from the town of Perth. There is a post-office here, a factory, and a blacksmith shop. My home is in the Clyde Forks, in Lavant Township, but my brother and I are staying at our Grandpa's now. He is a farmer, and he has a large orchard. Our school-house is only a short distance from our house. Our teacher's name is Miss M. Malloch. MARY R. (aged 12.)

Diligent River

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. I am very much interested in the 'Correspondence.' I live on a farm about five miles from the town of Parsboro. I have no brothers or sisters. My pets, are a canary bird named Pete, a dog and cat and a little kitten. I belong to the I. A. H. circle, and wear the I. A. H. ring. Mr. Cook of Chicago, is the founder of the circle. I would like to know if any of the children that take the 'Messenger' belong to that circle. I am the only member I know of in this place. We are having our vacation now. We expect to have a new teacher next term and I hope she will be nice. I am going into the sixth grade next term. I am twelve years old. LOLA B. M.

Holden, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I was very glad to see my letter in the 'Messenger.' I have one brother and one sister older than I am. I like Mabel E. L.'s letter very much, I would like to have Mabel E. L. to write again. I hope I will see this letter in the 'Messenger,' From your little friend

GRACE A. B. (aged 9.)

Victoria, B. C.

Dear Editor,—We have two cats, two kittens, two guinea pigs, and two canaries. One of our canaries we call Peep, and he is very tame. We let him out of his cage and he always flies to the other bird's cage. We are having our holidays now, and I enjoy them very much. While my sisters were away, I played with my cousins. I am ten years old, and when I go back to school, after the holidays, I will be in the third reader. I receive the 'Messenger' from Sunday-school, and enjoy reading the 'Correspondence,' and the pages headed 'Little Folks.' I remain your reader,

KATIE M. J.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—I live in Cincinnati, but am staying in Wiarton, Ont., for the holidays. I take the 'Messenger' and enjoy it very much. I always look over the 'Correspondence.' I am ten years old, and am in the third reader. My mother is in Battle Creek, Sanitarium, Mich. for her health. I have not any brothers or sisters, so read a great deal GRACE C.

HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Finance.

I am sure that no question ever makes as much real trouble in the family as that of domestic finance. Why husbands and fathers are so obtuse as not to see that women cannot be treated all their lives like children without great unhappiness, is beyond the power of the average observer to determine. No wife should be obliged to beg for needed money. A wife is supposed to have her husband's true interests at heart. If this is the case, she will not be extravagant, nor will she spend money in a foolish way. Why not sit down some day when your husband is in a reasonable mood, and talk the thing over with him fairly and squarely. In the end the money is spent for yourself and the children. You are obliged to eat, you must have clothes. Why not sit down with pencil and paper, figure out the cost of running the home; decide what proportion should be devoted to the wife; what amount is necessary for taxes and groceries and fuel—in short, arrive at a business-like conclusion about the whole matter.

I sometimes think that young women would do well before answering the all-important question of the 'proposal' to come to an understanding on this matter of money. Certainly a great deal of unhappiness would be saved if the course were decided upon before marriage. It is not a trouble confined to poor people; rich men's wives are often practically in the position of mendicants. I have personally known the wife of a well-to-do man, having apparently all that heart could wish, to be unable to buy herself a pair of shoes and obliged for weeks together to remain at home, to refuse all invitations, and in short, to live the life of a veiled nun, simply because she was unprepared to encounter wet and cold pavements. This sounds like a fairy tale, but it is true.

Let the positions be reversed, and the husband obliged to go to his wife every time he wished to spend ten cents and ask her for it, and how many husbands would bear the situation patiently? If the wife is not directly the bread-winner, she is still the home-maker, and she has her rights in the case, which a chivalrous man will always consider.—Mrs. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

Prevalence of Clumsiness.

'I sometimes wonder,' said a lady who travels a great deal, 'what the early training of some people that I meet must have been, or, to express it more correctly, whether they had any early training at all. I think I never travel in any train or enter any public conveyance, that somebody, either man, woman, or child, doesn't walk or stumble or crowd or lean against somebody else; and if the awkward individual happens to be carrying a parcel or market-basket, or, indeed, an umbrella, his neighbors have cause for congratulation if they get out of the vicinity with whole bodies or garments. It seems to me that these people must have been badly trained in their youth, or else they never, by any possibility, could be so awkward.' There are few greater misfortunes than the faculty of falling over everything one comes near, or of upsetting or displacing whatever objects may stand in the way. A child's education should never be considered complete until it is taught to enter and leave a room, to move a chair without noise, to put various objects in their places, not only occasionally, but as a regular thing, and they should never pass any article about the house which may be out of its proper position without quietly replacing it.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Useful Hints.

Add salt to the water in which black cotton goods are washed to prevent fading and turning brown. Rub rough flat-irons over paper sprinkled thickly with salt. Lemon-juice and salt will remove stains from the hands. Do not use soap immediately thereafter. To remove stains from black silks or woollen fabrics, let the same become perfectly dry before attempting to brush. Then rub the spots with a flannel that has been dipped in hot coffee, to which a little ammonia has been added. Milk has been found to possess remarkable healing qualities, if applied to burns at an early stage. Compresses are soaked in milk and laid on the burn, to be renewed night and morning. An extensive burn has in this way been reduced in three days to one quarter of its original size. Cleanse rattan, bamboo, and willow work with a brush and salt water; then rub dry with a soft cloth. Floor-matting will be more pliable and less brittle if occasionally washed with salt water.

Hot Water for Neuralgia.

The most stubborn cases of neuralgia are apt to yield to a hot water treatment. Wherever the pain is located there a hot water bag should be applied, the suffering part should be wrapped in a blanket, and the unfortunate patient should be put to bed and covered with more blankets and induced to drink at least three cups of water as hot as the palate can stand. This treatment may seem severe, but it is sure to bring relief.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Peanuts in Many Dishes.

(Ada Maye Piers in New York 'Observer.')

Few housekeepers realize how much nutrition is contained in the peanut, so generally known, but so seldom found on the table. A prominent physician is credited with saying that one pound of peanuts is more nutritious than two pounds of beefsteak and half a pound of butter. While this may be an exaggeration, it is true that many dainty and appetizing dishes can be made with them, as people are just beginning to realize. The results will be found pleasing if the following recipes are carefully followed:

Peanut Cookies.—One-half pound of butter, one cupful of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one egg (white and yolk beaten separately), one pint (no more) of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one heaping cupful of chopped peanuts. Cream butter and sugar, add milk and egg, part of the flour and baking powder, and, lastly, peanuts mixed with the rest of the flour. Handle as little as possible, and do not roll very thin, and they will be very delicate and soft.

Peanut Sandwiches.—Shell peanuts, chop fine, mix with dressing, and spread between bread, with a lettuce leaf between. Brown bread is very nice to use when the lettuce may be omitted.

Peanut Biscuit.—One quart of flour, one quarter cupful of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of chopped nuts, sweet milk enough to wet up so as to roll out soft. Stir salt, nuts and baking powder into flour dry; then add part of the milk, stirring well with a knife, then all the butter, and then the rest of the milk. Roll out with as little kneading as possible and bake immediately in a hot oven.

Peanut Soup.—Shell and carefully remove the skins from the peanuts. Put two cupfuls to soak over night in one quart of water. In the morning, add two quarts of water, and boil slowly an hour; then add an onion, a stick of celery, and boil until it is soft enough to mash through a sieve. Return to the stove, add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and serve at once.

Salted Peanuts.—Shell and remove the red skin from the nuts. Spread the nuts in a dripping pan with a little butter, and place in a moderate oven. Let them remain, watching them closely and stirring often, until they are a delicate brown. Sprinkle salt over them while hot.

Peanut Salad.—Make a nest of lettuce leaves on an individual salad dish. Arrange on it several pieces of dates and raisins, celery and a spoonful of peanuts, which should have been soaked for an hour in diluted lemon juice. Place on each a tiny speck of mayonnaise dressing and serve.

Peanut Candy.—One cupful of granulated sugar, and one cupful of nut meats. Melt the sugar in a spider, being very careful not to let it burn. Put the nuts into a well-buttered tin, and when the sugar is melted, pour over them. Cut in squares.

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